

**The Star Store**  
**OUR WINTER GOODS**  
**MUST GO AT LOW PRICES**  
To Make room for Spring Goods  
Men's Brown Suits, with up-to-date  
Cuffs, \$13.50 Suits for \$9.50, or  
\$10.00 Suits for \$8.50  
Big Stock of Boys' and Childrens' Clothing  
at Low Prices.  
All Our Ladies' and Childrens' Jackets and  
Skirts at Half Price.  
Mens' Ladies' Misses' and Childrens' Winter  
Shoes at One Half their Value.  
Underwear for Men, Women and Children  
at Rock Bottom Prices.

All of our Winter Goods must go at LOW PRICES  
for our line of Spring Goods will soon be here and we  
must make room for them.

Thanking you for your past favors and hoping to  
receive your trade for 1909, we remain  
Sincerely yours,

**EUSTER & ISAACS.**

PHONE 63

**Job Printing.**

Sounds Homely and Unim-  
portant, Doesn't It?

**BUT** Do you realize that a business  
house is judged largely by the  
Stationery and other Printed  
Matter it sends out?

**Anybody Can Print**

But to turn out first class work that is a  
credit and an advertisement to a firm  
requires an intricate knowledge of the  
art and then a first class mechanic to  
execute it. Send your next order to

**The Breathitt**

**County News.**

PHONE 63

THE  
**F. A. LYON & SON CO.**  
**INSURANCE,**  
**REAL ESTATE,**  
**STOCKS AND BONDS**  
**LOANS NEGOTIATED.**

AGENCIES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL TOWNS  
IN EASTERN KENTUCKY.

Want Live, Energetic Men to Represent Us  
in Unoccupied Territory.

Address All Communications to the Com-  
pany at Beattyville, Kentucky.

## Recompense

By Grant Selmar.

(Copyright, by Ford Pub. Co.)

John Sillman entered his hut, tired  
after the long day's duties at the Sil-  
ver Creek general store, where he  
was employed as a salesman, and  
threw himself dejectedly into the  
nearest chair.

The room was cramped and meager-  
ly furnished, and the scantiest of fires  
flickered desperately against im-  
minent extinction; albeit the night was  
bitingly cold, and a strong north wind  
drove the snow in gathering drifts  
against the crazy wooden walls of the  
wretched shanty.

"There's a letter for you lying on  
the dresser," said the woman. "It  
came this afternoon. It's from New  
York."

The man tore open the envelope  
with trembling eagerness, and started  
to scan the contents.

"It's from the old man, of course?"  
Woman's curiosity prompted Eliza to  
ask the question.

"In a way," moodily responded  
John, gazing vacantly into the fast ex-  
piring fire. "It's from his lawyer. The  
old man's dead."

"Oh, he is!" snapped Eliza, exhibit-  
ing no emotion at this sudden news of  
her father-in-law's demise. "And he  
hasn't remembered you in his will?  
Well, you've no call to be disappoint-  
ed. You never expected he would.  
You were the black sheep of his fold



"The Old Man's Dead."

during his lifetime, and, naturally  
enough, he hasn't reckoned you in  
with his live stock at his death. Don't  
sit moping there, but eat your supper  
like a man.

John Sillman laughed bitterly at  
his wife's reasoning. He knew she  
was as disappointed as himself.  
"You're just wrong for once, Eliza,"  
he said, slowly. "The old man has  
kind of remembered me at the last."

John Sillman, to humor her, took a  
relishless mouthful of the now lukewarm  
tubers, and read aloud the con-  
tents of the lawyer's dispatch:

Dear Sir: Our late client, your lamented  
father, Ezra Sillman, passed away last  
night, and, in accordance with his last  
instructions, we now apprise you of the  
fact, and inclose a sufficient sum for  
your journey here and home again. Here  
in please find copy of your father's last  
will and testament, also as instructed. It  
is brief and easily understood.

MAKIN & SHARPE.  
Inclosed was a half sheet of note  
paper containing the final instructions  
of the dead man as to the disposal of  
his property. Brief it was, truly, and  
too easily understood. It ran:

I, Ezra Sillman, while sane of mind,  
and without others' influence, declare this  
to be my last will and testament, and to  
the same do set my signature, as wit-  
nessed by my clerk, Andrew Jakers, and  
my housekeeper, Amelia Rankin, in pres-  
ence of my solicitor, George Makin.

To my eldest son, Ezra, I bequeath all  
land and house property of which I am  
possessed.

To my second son, Martin, I bequeath  
all moneys, plate, furniture, carriages  
and horses of which I am possessed.

To my third son, John, whose greed im-  
pelled him years ago to falsely utilize my  
name, and yet whose heart I believe to  
be kind and sound, I bequeath the care  
of my little adopted daughter, Janet, as-  
sured that he will deal gently with her,  
she having lost her sole protector at the  
moment when I drew my last breath.

John Sillman crumpled up the pa-  
per into a ball between his palms,  
pushed away his platter with a grunt  
of disgust, and lit his pipe, at which  
he pulled long and thoughtfully.

"The old man's considerate," said  
Eliza, dryly. "He's anxious you  
should have a quiver full, though he  
doesn't make any suggestion as to  
how you're going to fill the mouths  
of the youngsters. What are you go-  
ing to do, J?"

"I must consider a bit, Eliza," re-  
turned John Sillman. "An addition  
to the family is a serious thing to a  
man circumstanced as I am. Our own  
little people don't grow bilious on the  
richness or the quantity of the food  
they get."

He was a full hour cogitating, by  
which the last spark of fire had died  
out and the room was deathly cold.

"There's a train for New York city  
as passes through Silver Creek at five  
in the mornin', reachin' somethin' after  
dusk," he said, rising and gathering  
himself together with a shiver.

"Then you've made up your mind  
to add to your family without a dime  
for compensation?" said Eliza, in a  
tone of deep and bitter reproach.

"Why don't your brothers, Ezra and  
Martin, look after the child? They're  
rich men already, and their father has  
now doubled their wealth. What is a  
month more or less to the likes of them?"

"I'd sooner see my own little ones  
lying quiet in their coffins than en-  
trusted to the mercies of Ezra and  
Martin; and so would you, Eliza. You  
must make explanations for me at the  
store in the morning. I am going by  
that five train."

In the large parlor of old Ezra  
Sillman's mansion sat the late mer-  
chant's wife and three sons. They  
were gathered at the breakfast table—  
Ezra and Martin, well-to-do and  
prosperous, at either hand of Mr. Ma-  
kin; John, shabby and dejected, at the  
other extreme end, ignored and  
solitary.

The lawyer, a small, dry-faced, ac-  
tive man, had pressed his hand at  
first meeting, and whispered some-  
thing which John could not catch. He  
rose from his seat now and spoke.

"Gentlemen, you all know the terms  
of your late father's will. There are  
no legal technicalities to explain, no  
complications to unravel."

"To you, Mr. Ezra, the land and the  
house property of which your late  
father was possessed at the time of  
his decease."

"To you, Mr. Martin, all moneys,  
plate, furniture, pictures, books, car-  
riages and horses of which your late  
father stood possessed at the time of  
his decease."

"To you, Mr. John, the care of Janet,  
adopted child of your late father."

The lawyer stopped short, coughed  
dryly, and sharply scrutinized John  
Sillman. Ezra and Martin also turned  
a contemptuous glance in the direc-  
tion of their brother. John pulled his  
ragged beard and murmured: "Ay,  
that is so."

"Do you accept the charge, Mr.  
John?" asked the attorney.

"Ay, that do I. Poor mite, she's a  
lonely one this day."

"Pardon me," remarked Mr. Makin,  
dubiously, "but do I understand that  
you are not overburdened with  
this world's goods?"

"I'm a poor man, mister," said John,  
bluntly. "I am not one that I find  
tree a hard riddle to solve, and you  
know but what death would be a rest  
and a blessing to me and mine."

"Yet, despite your poverty and the  
claims that your own family have up-  
on you, you accept this charge?"

"Ay, that I do. And why? 'Cos  
she's a lonely mite this night. And  
may the same be done to mine if I  
should die and leave them un-  
defended."

Mr. Makin brought the palms of his  
hands together as though he were  
applauding.

Ezra and Martin grew impatient.  
"Time's money, lawyer," said the eld-  
er. "Don't waste it. You've got the  
papers there. Let Martin and me  
know exactly what we're worth. You're  
a man of business yourself, and  
will appreciate the request."

"Certainly," cried Mr. Makin, briskly.  
"I've all the details here. I can  
dismiss your part of the business in a  
few words."

"Mr. Ezra," said the lawyer, care-  
lessly glancing at a deed before him,  
"to you, the land and house property  
of which your late father died pos-  
sessed. To be sure. Your father, as  
you may have heard, started life as a  
carpenter, and worked in a hired shed  
on a plot of ground an eighth of an  
acre in extent. He bought the ground  
and shed when times began to pros-  
per. This is yours now. The shed  
needs furnishing, a bit, though it  
makes an excellent tool house."

"Good heavens, sir!" blustered Ezra  
Sillman, rising wrathfully in his chair.  
"But Mr. Makin, after another glance  
at the document, proceeded to ad-  
dress Martin. "Mr. Martin, to you all  
the moneys, plate, furniture, pictures,  
carriages and horses. To be sure. In  
your late father's pockets were a dol-  
lar and a snuffbox. In his room were  
an invalid chair and a framed print  
entitled 'Charity.' In his warehouse  
yard a pony and a barrow—the last  
two preserved in memory of his early  
struggling days when he hawked his  
handicraft through the streets. They  
are yours now. The pony is blind, and  
the barrow would do with a fresh coat  
of paint."

Martin Sillman sprang to his feet  
with an oath. "Confound you, sir!  
What does this mean? Our father died  
a rich man."

"Pardon me," interrupted the law-  
yer. "Two months before his death  
the late Mr. Sillman made over his  
entire wealth, with the trifling excep-  
tions just mentioned, to his adopted  
child, Janet Mayflower, on the condi-  
tion that she shared with whomsoever  
should be disinterested enough to ac-  
cept charge of her for no other pur-  
pose than that of pure charity. Mr.  
John, you have accepted the charge. I  
congratulate you. As to you, Mr.  
Ezra and Mr. Martin, but those two  
gentlemen were gone—gone as on a  
whirlwind."

That night John Sillman wired to  
Eliza at Silver Creek: "Return with  
Janet to-morrow. Lay out all the loose  
cash—you'll find four dollars in the tin  
canister—in a supper. The clouds  
have lifted for life. Kiss the young-  
sters."

The secret of many unhappy mar-  
riages is the enforcement of the law  
of Mine and Thine.

## Farm and Garden

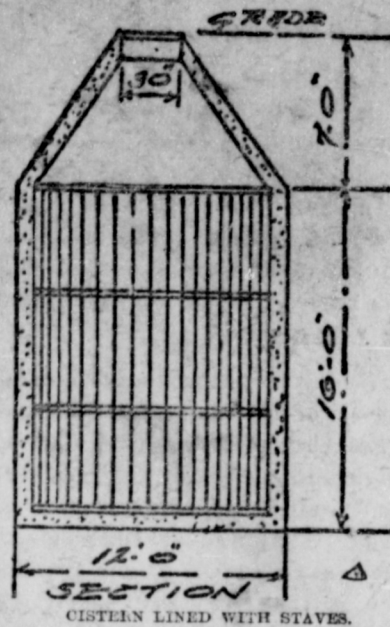
CEMENT LINED CISTERN.

Impurities in Rainwater May Be Es-  
sentially Excluded.

To provide against water famine  
during a dry time an extra cistern of  
two is a good investment. The purest  
water we get is rainwater, a fact that  
has been brought to the attention of  
different states by the boards of  
health.

Disease germs follow rainwater down  
into the soil to permeate the water  
to the well. Persons using the water  
continually become ill, so they  
may not contract a serious disease for  
years, but a more cold may weaken  
their vitality and disease resisting  
power, so they may become infected at  
any time.

Strangers drinking the water are es-  
pecially liable, because their systems  
are not fortified against the peculiar



dangers lurking in that vicinity. Ev-  
ery fall city papers contain accounts  
of typhoid that has been brought home  
from country places by people while  
away on their annual vacation trips.

With clean water it is different, as  
the principal contamination of rain-  
water comes from dirt on the roof.  
The water itself is pure enough until  
it strikes the roof. Some farmers have  
from a rain shower run into one cis-  
tern, then switch the leader to the  
other one, which is used for house  
purposes.

Good, durable cisterns in clay or  
loamy ground may be made by plas-  
tering cement mortar directly on the  
earth surface of the excavation. In  
some sections of the country a great  
many cisterns are made this way and  
covered by putting timbers across and  
building a floor of double thick inch  
stuff, laid to break joints. The spaces  
over the wall and between the timbers  
are filled in with cement, and a drain  
is cut in one side while the cement is  
soft. A cistern built in this way may  
last for ten or twelve years without  
any trouble, but there is no certainty  
about it.

A great deal better way is to make  
a round form of beveled staves lightly  
bolted to hold them in place. Then  
dig the excavation four or six inches  
larger all around than the outside of  
the wooden form. Then mix concrete  
made of one part best portland cement,  
two parts clean, sharp sand and four  
parts broken stone.

If the cistern is small have the form  
all round to lower it by erecting a tripod  
with pulley and tackle to lift it gently  
down. Then put in a floor of concrete  
the full size of the excavation. Tamp  
it thoroughly to pound the air out and  
make it set solid. Before this has time  
to harden lower the wooden form and  
fill in the sides so the bottom and sides  
will unite, making one solid stone.

An easy way to make the neck of  
the cistern is to put a floor of boards  
on top of the circular wooden form  
and pile earth on this floor, packing it  
down cone shaped, high enough to  
reach the grade level. To form the cir-  
cular opening at the top make either a



CIRCULAR TOP OF CISTERN.

Circular form of wood about twenty  
inches in diameter or a hoop of iron  
of the same diameter and about four  
inches in height. Place the round  
form in position on top of the cone of  
earth, then cement around on the cone  
with the concrete up to the top of the  
hoop. About six inches in thickness is  
sufficient for the neck.

The Manure Spreader.

The manure spreader is a compara-  
tively recent device, which is not only  
a considerable labor saver, but a con-  
servator of fertility. The practice of  
dumping manure in piles in the field  
and then spreading with the fork is  
uneconomical and, moreover, causes  
loss in fertility unless the manure is  
spread immediately, which is not al-  
ways possible.

**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
Thousands of millions  
of cans of Royal Baking  
Powder have been used  
in making bread, biscuits  
and cake in this country,  
and every housekeeper  
using it has rested in perfect confi-  
dence that her food would be light,  
sweet, and perfectly wholesome. Royal is a safe-  
guard against the cheap alum powders which are  
the greatest menaces to health of the present day.  
**ROYAL IS THE ONLY BAKING POWDER  
MADE FROM ROYAL GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR**

### Notice of Application for Pardon.

I, John Deaton, of Breathitt  
county, Ky., having been sen-  
tenced to a term of 21 years in  
the penitentiary at the November  
term, 1901, of the Breathitt cir-  
cuit court, for murder, will ask  
the Governor of Kentucky for a  
pardon for said crime, and any  
one objecting to said pardon will  
please file their grounds for said  
objection. This Jan. 29, 1909.  
JOHN DEATON.

### Eggs for Hatching.

From pure bred Single Comb  
Brown Leghorn and Rose Comb  
Rhode Island Red Chickens. Guar-  
anteed to be fresh and fertile.  
Call on or write Minerva L. Ha-  
gins, Jackson, Ky.

For health and happiness—De-  
Witt's Little Early Risers—small  
gentle, easy, pleasant little liver  
pills, the best made. Sold by Jack-  
son Drug Store.

### Greek Fire.

Greek fire was a combustible com-  
position (now unknown, but thought  
to have been principally naphtha)  
thrown from engines said to have  
been invented by Callinicus, an en-  
gineer of Heliopolis in Syria in the  
seventh century, to destroy the Sarac-  
ens' ships (which was effected by the  
general of the fleet of Constantine  
Pogonatus and 30,000 men were killed).  
A so-called "Greek fire" probably a  
solution of phosphorus in bisulphide  
eloge of Charleston in 1853.

### Mardi Gras.

Reduced rates via Queen & Cres-  
cent Route to New Orleans and  
Mobile. Tickets on sale February  
17th to 22nd inclusive. Return  
limit March 1st, with extension  
privilege March 13th, 1909. For  
particulars ask ticket agents or  
Lexington, Ky.

F. P. CRAWFORD, Pres. JOHN T. HINDMAN, Cashier.  
C. J. LITTLE, Vice Pres.

**Breathitt  
County Bank**

JACKSON, KENTUCKY.

Capital, \$15,000.

Persons seeking a place of safety for  
their money will profit by investigat-  
ing the methods employed in our  
business. : : : : :  
Open from 8:30 A. M. to 3:30 P. M.

No. 9320.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

Office of Comptroller of the Currency.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 16, 1909.

Whereas, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned,  
it has been made to appear that

"The First National Bank of Jackson,"

in the Town of Jackson, in the County of Breathitt, and State of  
Kentucky, has complied with all the provisions of the Statutes of  
the United States, required to be complied with before an association  
shall be authorized to commence the business of Banking;

Now, Therefore, I, WILLIS J. FOWLER, Deputy and  
Acting Comptroller of the Currency,  
do hereby certify that

"The First National Bank of Jackson,"

in the Town of Jackson, in the County of Breathitt, and State of  
Kentucky, is authorized to commence the business of Banking as  
provided in Section Fifty one hundred and sixty nine of the Revised  
Statutes of the United States.

In Testimony Whereof, witness my hand and Seal of of-  
fice this sixteenth day of January,  
1909.

(SEAL)

WILLIS J. FOWLER,  
Deputy and Acting Comptroller of the Currency



# The Breathitt News,

\$1 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

J. WISE HAGINS, EDITOR.

Friday, February 12.

## Notice to Candidates.

Announcements of candidates for office will be charged for as follows:  
For a District Office...\$10.00  
For a County Office... 5.00  
Except a complimentary notice given each candidate at the time he announces, all communications boosting candidates will be charged for at 5 cents per line. Such communications will be treated as purely advertising matter for which The News does not assume any responsibility.  
Cash must accompany all orders for such advertising.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

### FOR COUNTY CLERK.

I take this means of announcing myself as a candidate for County Clerk of Breathitt County, subject to the action of the Democratic party. If elected I shall, regardless of party affiliation, be your most obedient servant.  
ALFRED RUSSELL.

To the Voters of Breathitt Co.:  
I am a candidate for the office of County Clerk, to be voted for at the November election, 1909.  
GEO. W. NOBLE.

### FOR SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce  
ROBERT DEATON,  
of Crockettville, as a candidate for Sheriff of Breathitt county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

### FOR JAILER.

We are authorized to announce  
WESLEY TURNER, JR.,  
as a candidate for Jailer of Breathitt county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

### WE are authorized to announce

MIKE ROBINSON  
as a candidate for Jailer of Breathitt county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce  
J. H. HUDSON  
as a candidate for Jailer of Breathitt county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce  
A. B. HATTON  
as a candidate for Jailer of Breathitt county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

### SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS.

We are authorized to announce  
ED. DEATON  
as a candidate for the office of Superintendent of Schools of Breathitt county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

### WE are authorized to announce

WILLIE TAYLOR  
as a candidate for the office of Superintendent of Schools of Breathitt county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

### Candy Pulling.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Baptist Church cordially invites you to come and have a jolly time at a Home-Made Candy Pulling in the Crawford building, Saturday night, February 13.

To represent a valentine a heart to each will be sent.  
Into which you are given the pleasure of putting your heart's content.

All the friends of true progression, of a high and liberal kind, believe in aiding the churches as they do in broadening mind; And you'll find there is no glory that clusters around your life like that of giving to Jesus, who gave for you His life.

You'll find nice chocolates and caramels a treat.

If you'll bring the heart with your gifts to leave at Jesus' feet.

H. W. Taulbee, of Taulbee, was here on business Wednesday.

J. M. Risner, of Rousseau, was here on business Wednesday.

R. L. Jennings, of Elkatawa, was here on business Wednesday.

Dr. M. E. Combs has located at the mouth of Lost Creek for the practice of his profession.

Duff & Robinson have begun work cutting the timber off of the tract they recently purchased of Wm. B. Hagins on Quick's land.

## Guage.

T. B. Sturdivant made a business trip to Winchester the first of the week.

The weather is very unsettled in this vicinity and our roads are almost impassable.

Martin Richardson, of near Lambrie, has sold his farm to G. V. Stacy and will move to Menifee county.

Harrison Howard, son of Uncle Dad Howard, who is attending school at the mouth of Lost Creek, is at home on a visit.

Tom Lovely is moving back to the head of Wolfe creek. Col. Apperson Lovely is moving into the house vacated by Tom.

Master Park Sturdivant, who was reported in last week's issue as being very sick, is much improved and is able to be out again.

Creed Oney, of Hallis, is visiting friends and relatives here this week. He will probably go to Jackson and Cannell City before he returns home.

Arthur Kinnaird, of Hallis, Ky., was the guest of some of the fair sex near here last Sunday. We learn that Arthur is very popular among the young ladies of this place, and he is asked to call again.

Joseph Lovely, Tom Eldridge and Irving McDaniel attended the Junior lodge at Rousseau last Saturday night. They report the lodge in good working order and growing rapidly.

W. H. Whitaker and Eli Cornett, Jr., were here on business one day last week. We learned that Mr. Whitaker was buying fur and Mr. Cornett was selling tobacco. Both had a good job. Come again boys.

All kinds of Canned Goods at T. H. Bueris & Co.

## Flat.

Barney Lovelace is carrying the mail from Mary to Monica.

Squire Kash made a business trip to Breathitt county Monday.

Uncle Martin Cockeram died at home on Middle creek last week.

Arthur Kineaid was in this neighborhood Monday buying...

J. B. Childers and son made a business trip to the Middle Fork last week.

The stork visited the home of Henry Gum on the 4th inst., and left a fine boy.

A. J. Cable is preparing to erect a sawmill near his home in the Flat woods.

Bluford and Henley Oliver, of Bloody creek, are attending school at Campton.

The farmers in this neighborhood are busy clearing, fencing and plowing.

The subscription school at Flat, which is being taught by Lloyd Lutes, is progressing nicely.

Uncle Joseph Bronston died at his home near Greenville school house on Devil's creek Sunday.

Jesse Shackelford and wife are preparing to go to North Carolina, where they will stay for a while on account of Jesse's health.

Boon Childers and G. D. Hieronymous are preparing to run several rafts of timber from Bloody creek.

CAPTAIN JENKS.

"SWEET HOME" NOT FOR PAYNE.

Writer of Song Frequently Without Place to Lay His Head.

The song we know so well as "Sweet Home," was originally "Sweet Home," and John Howard Payne was formerly known as J. Howard Payne. The disillusioning process keeps on apace. It is well known that army bands in time of war are forbidden to play "Sweet Home" on account of the large number of desertions it causes. An officer with the fleet, writing to a friend, referred to the tune in these words: "We allow it occasionally at sea, where the men could not possibly desert without leaving overboard; but when on shore—never!" Imagine what a powerful influence such a tune must have on a homesick man, thousands of miles from wife, mother, sweetheart, babies! Howard Payne's life was one of remarkable vicissitudes. Of an evening he would stroll along the streets looking into the brilliantly lighted parlors. Once in awhile he would see a family circle so happy and forming so beautiful a group that he would stop, gaze upon the scene, and with a sigh pass on. "How often," said he to an intimate friend, "have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and heard persons singing, or the hand organ playing, 'Sweet Home,' without a shilling to buy the next meal or a place to put my head. The world has literally sung it until every heart is familiar with its melody; yes, I have been a wanderer from my boyhood."

## Athol.

P. H. Taylor, of Danville, is here this week.

Clifton Gross, of Buckhorn, is down on a drift of ties.

C. M. Crawford bought from Floyd Creech one mule.

Robert Amburgy sold to Bluford Bowman one yoke of cattle.

We have a tide in the Middle Fork and many logs and ties are running.

Our school house and dormitory are completed and we will soon have a first-class school going.

Sheriff Crawford has returned from the west, where he has been searching for the fountain of youth.

Our church house caught fire last week from a defective flue, and came very near burning down. About half the shingle roof was burned off.

Last Saturday, a week, one of our neighbors had a fine steer to die of heat and while he was skinning the dead one its mate was frozen to death.

Owing to the high price of eggs our hens have been on a strike all winter. We would like for our local Republicans to get President Roosevelt to negotiate a settlement and put our feathered tribe back to work.

Uncle Isaac Vires died last Friday of pneumonia and was interred at the Gabbard burying ground Saturday. Elihu Roberts, who was a neighbor to Uncle Ike, died Sunday of the same disease and was buried Monday in the same burying ground.

We have eight pairs of twins and one set of triplets in our community. Also, there was born a set of triplets to one of our neighbors recently, all boys, but none of them lived. The peculiar thing about the heavy increase in our population is that they are nearly all Democrats.

We cannot refrain from giving just a passing glance to Happy Bird's medley of eulogies that appeared in last week's News. We perused it with the assiduity of a slow bound, and, to use a sporting phrase, pronounced him the champion Greco-Roman catch-as-catch-can slinger of incoherent and ungrammatical bombast of the universe.

He is the seething slumber, He is the soul awake, He is the big cucumber, That gives us the stomach-ache.

An attempt to read or understand all his unpronounceable and indefinable chaotic mass of verbiage has about the same effect on a human being as the first cigar or the first glass of whiskey—the inevitable must happen. The glare, and dazzle and skyscraping causes something akin to seasickness to prelate the entire human anatomy. One's soul grows faint and sick as when standing on the edge of some high precipice peering down, down through thousands of feet of airy vacancy. Happy Bird, like Edgar Allen Poe, is in a class by himself. He may be imitated but never surpassed in the hurrying of huge boulders of—but—er—by-the-by—perhaps we had better take a reef in ourself. We may be mistaken as to the gender of this Happy Bird. Could it be possible that this Happy Bird belongs to the feminine gender and is one of those beguiling little witches for which Jett's Creek is so famous? If so, truly her forgiveness we implore and we will swallow every word we have said. "Ah, the plot thickens," as the novelist says. We are consumed with anxiety to probe the mystery which envelops this evident pseudonym, Happy Bird. May we hope for a personal interview? As Shakespeare says: "Do not let us blush in ignorance. Our diadem lacks one gem."

Jones & Whitaker's second-hand furniture store is now in a room opposite M. S. Crain's store. They handle all kinds of second-hand Furniture.

Seared With a Hot Iron, or scalded by overturned kettle—cut with a knife—bruised by slammed door—injured by gun or in any other way—the thing needed at once is Bucklen's Arnica Salve to subdue inflammation and kill the pain. It's earth's supreme healer, infallible for boils, ulcers, fever sores, eczema and piles. 25c at Jackson Drug Co.

## GOOD TEA-TABLE DAINITY.

Sally Lunna a Combination of Cake and Bread.

Take six ounces of flour that has been sifted and warmed; put a quarter of this into a basin and keep the other three parts warm in the screen; mix a cake of compressed yeast with four good tablespoonsful of warm cream and work it into the flour in the basin till a light dough, then put it in the screen to rise till it is about double its former size.

When these have been worked together for four or five minutes, and it is quite light, add the other part prepared with the yeast and work all together for five or six minutes; put it into buttered tins and stand them on a baking tin in a warm screen until the paste rises to about twice its original size, brush it over with a little warm milk, and bake in a quick oven for 15 minutes.

The tin should be about two and a half inches deep and the mixture put in to about half the depth. When about to be served these cakes can be cut, toasted, and buttered, or when taken from the oven they may be split, warm butter poured in, and cut into muffins.

## The Home.

Always scald china milk pitchers and add soda to the water to make them perfectly sweet smelling.

When starching children's pinafores add a small piece of sugar to the boiled starch. This will make them iron more easily and leave a beautiful gloss on them.

Gilt on china will not last long if soda be used in the washing of it; therefore use soapy water for washing teacups, etc., patterned with gilt, and keep soda carefully away from them. Paint on clothing, even when it has become hard and dry, may be removed with a mixture of equal parts of ammonia and turpentine. Saturate the paint spot as often as necessary and wash out in soap suds.

When patching wall paper don't forget to preface operations by putting the new piece of paper in the sun, shine to fade till it matches that on the wall. Don't cut the patch a neat square, but tear it. The irregularity of its edges will make it less conspicuous.

To prevent matting from becoming yellow on the floor, wash off occasionally with a large coarse cloth which has been dipped in a strong solution of salt water. This will not only prevent it from becoming yellow, but will give the various colors a fresh and new look.

### Cocoonut Creams.

Buy one large cocoonut, and in breaking it open save every bit of its milk. Put a pound and a half of granulated sugar into a can with a pinch of salt, and add the milk of the cocoonut and beat slowly together until the sugar is melted, and then let it simmer for about five minutes. Grate the fresh cocoonut and add it slowly. Boil for ten minutes after the cocoonut is all in, and stir constantly to keep it from sticking to the bottom of the pot and burning. Pour out onto buttered china plates and cut into squares. This should then be set into a cool place and left for 48 hours, as it takes about that time to harden.

### Potted Beef.

Take 20-cent stew beef and one ten-cent soup bone, simmer till meat is tender. Take from the stock and run through meat chopper, then a small piece of bread, season with salt, pepper, nutmeg, thyme, add two or three tablespoons of the stock; mix all well together with the hands. Press well into a glass dish, pour a little melted butter over the top and serve cold; garnish with parsley. A nice and quickly served luncheon dish, also breakfast. The stock makes fine soup—all for 30 cents.

### Spanish Rice.

Put one tablespoonful each of butter and olive oil in a frying pan—when hot add one cupful dry rice, stirring constantly until it becomes a golden brown. Then add water enough to cook the rice. All one large onion, chopped fine, and salt to taste. Put two large dry peppers in the even until dark brown or crisp. Put them in a cloth, and rub with a powder. Add this to the rice. When rice is thoroughly cooked add a large piece of butter. Serve hot.

### Marshmallow Fudge.

Put into a saucepan one cupful milk, two cupfuls sugar, two squares of chocolate broken into bits, and a teaspoonful of butter. Cook until the string spins a light thread. Just before the string is done drop into it, one by one, a half pound of marshmallows. Mash with a spoon, then beat all together until the mixture is smooth and fine grained. Add if desired a little vanilla flavor, turn onto a buttered dish and mark into squares.

DR. H. P. DUFF,  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
OFFICE OVER RELIANCE DRUG STORE,  
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Has for sale at all times Elgin, Waltham and the Standard Brands of Watches, Spectacles and all other kinds of Jewelry worn by ladies and gentlemen.

Repairing of all Descriptions carefully and promptly done at prices within reach of every one.

## ARTERLY REPORT

OF THE

## Breathitt County Bank.

[Incorporated]

At the close of business on the 31st day of December, 1908.

Loans and Discounts	\$ 8,796 62
Due from Nat'l Banks	25,256 38
Due from State Banks and Bankers	738 46
Mortgages	575 38
Specie	\$1,236 16
Currency	2,820 00
Exchange for Clearings	3,089 06
Other Items Carried as Cash	103 35
Furniture and Fixtures	1,199 84
Current Expenses since November 11, 1908	306 17
Total	\$44,151 42

## LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock, paid in, in Cash	\$ 8,000 00
Deposits subject to check	35,944 18
Earnings since November 11, 1908	207 24
Capital stock not paid	\$7,000
Total	\$44,151 42

## Money to Loan on Approved Security.

We Buy FURS Hides and Wool  
Feathers, Yellow, Sables, Glacé, Golden Seal, Yellow Root, May Apple, Wild Ginger, etc. We are dealers established in 1856—"Over half a century in Louisville"—and can do better for you than agents or commission merchants. Reference, say Bank is Louisville. Write for weekly price list and shipping rates.  
M. Sabol & Sons,  
225 E. Market St. LOUISVILLE, KY.

## Sheriff's Execution Sale.

By virtue of Execution No. 52, in favor of Breck Crawford, administrator of John D. Strong, deceased, vs. Breck Combs, which issued from the clerk's office of the Breathitt circuit court, now in my hands for collection, I, or one of my deputies, will, on

Monday, Feb. 22, 1909,

between the hours of 12 o'clock m. and 2 o'clock p. m., at the court house door in the town of Jackson, Breathitt county, Ky., expose to public sale the following property (or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount of the plaintiff's debt, interest and costs, and Sheriff's commissions), to-wit: All the right, title and interest of Breck Combs in and to the following property, viz:

A tract of land lying and being in Breathitt county, Ky., on Quicksand creek and the Kentucky river and bounded as follows, viz: Beginning on a black oak and beech on the north side of the north fork of the Kentucky river, at a small drain about 200 yards below the mouth of Quicksand; thence northwest about 180 poles to a stake in the line of the square at the Meeting House branch; thence down the branch with its meanders to the mouth; thence up main Quicksand to the mouth of the South Fork; thence up South Fork to the old line of said survey or square; thence with said line which is the Jesse Spurlock old line, passing by a dogwood and hickory corner of said Spurlock land and back to the line of the lock branch; thence from the oak and pine down the river with its meanders to the beginning.

2. Beginning at the old Henson Calmes line, now D. F. Deaton's line, where it joins the Hord or Arnett line; thence with Mahala Hord's line to Broadway street; thence with said street to the line of the lot on which stands the store house known as the Red House; thence a straight line to the Henson Calmes lot to the line between Henson Calmes and Wm. M. Combs; thence with said line to the beginning. This is the lot upon which Arminia Combs, widow of Wm. M. Combs, now resides, and is sold subject to her life estate in said line.

3. A tract of land lying and being in Jackson, Ky., and known as the Red House property. Beginning at a point on Broadway street at the line between the property herein described and the lot upon which Wm. M. Combs lived at the time of his death; thence a straight line to the river; thence with the line to an alley to Broadway street; thence with the line of Broadway street to the beginning.

4. Beginning at the line or corner of J. R. Blake, on Courtney street, opposite a lot now owned by one Duff; thence with Blake's line and the line of W. H. Blanton to the corner of Robert Davidson's lot; thence with said Davidson's line to a stone at Dan Turner's line; thence with

said Turner's line to a stone at Cooley Combs' line; thence with his line to the upper corner of his lot at a stone; thence a straight line to the county road; thence with the county road to the line of C. J. Little, at or near the mouth of a drain; thence with the line between the lands of said C. J. Little and Wm. M. Combs' estate, to the corner of a lot heretofore sold by Breck Combs to Wm. Sewell; thence with his line to the corner of the graveyard lot; thence around and with the line of said graveyard lot to the line of William Sewell; thence around and with the back end of his lot to the line of the lot occupied by Wm. Taylor; thence with the line of said lot to Courtney street; thence down the hill with the line of said street to the beginning.

Only the interest of Breck Combs in and to the said property will be sold, and tract No. 2 will be sold subject to the life estate of Arminia Combs, widow of Wm. M. Combs, deceased. Levied upon as the property of Breck Combs, a defendant in said execution.

Terms: Sale will be made on a credit of three months, bond with approved security required, bearing interest at the rate of six per cent per annum from day of sale, and having the force of a replevin bond.

Amount to be made by this sale: Debt, \$578.44; interest, \$370.13; cost of suit, \$16.90; Sheriff's commission, \$59.81; cost of printing, \$31.50; Total, \$1,055.75.

Witness my hand this 4th day of February, 1909.  
BRECK CRAWFORD, S. B. C.  
By S. H. FUGATE, D. S.

## Sheriff's Sale for taxes.

By virtue of the taxes due Breathitt county and the State of Kentucky, for the year 1908, now in my hands for collection, against Alex Howard, on property listed by him in Breathitt county, and poll tax for said year, which being \$32.50; taxes, 3.25 interest and penalties and \$1.00 poll tax, amounting in all to \$36.85, now, by authority vested in me as Sheriff of Breathitt county, Kentucky, I, or one of my deputies, will, on

Monday, Feb'y 22, '09,

between the hours of 12 o'clock m. and 2 o'clock p. m., at the court house door, in the town of Jackson, county of Breathitt, Ky., expose to public sale to the highest bidder, the following property (or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount of the plaintiff's debt, interest and costs), to-wit:

A parcel of land on the left hand side of Spring Fork of Quicksand creek, as you go up, and being a portion of the Alex Howard farm, and adjoins the land of Bud Jenkins, and situated between the main county road and Spring Fork, at the school house, and being a piece of creek bottom land, containing about five acres more or less, listed for taxes as the property of Alex Howard.

Terms—Sale will be made for cash in hand.  
Tax, interest and penalty \$36.85; cost of advertising \$7.50, total \$44.35.

This 4th day of January, 1909.  
BRECK CRAWFORD, S. B. C.  
By H. B. KEITH, D. S.

Irish Potatoes \$1 per bushel at T. H. Bueris & Co.

FLOYD DAY, Pres. J. SAMUEL HEAD, Jr., Cashier.  
F. P. CRAWFORD, Vice Pres.

M. P. DAVIS, Acting Cashier. W. S. HOPPER, Ass't Cash.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Office and Res. Phone, 56.  
JACKSON, KY.

A. H. PATTON,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
OFFICE IN CRAWFORD BLDG.,  
JACKSON KY.

Dr. C. L. Peyton, Dentist,  
Jackson, Ky.

Has given relief to many hundreds of people, and convinced them his methods are not only satisfactory but reasonable in price. My experience enables me to put up a very high class of work. Eight years' experience enables me to strictly guarantee my work. One price to all.  
Best Gold Crowns.....\$4.00  
Best Set Teeth..... 8.00  
Fillings.....50c and 75c  
Cleaning.....75c  
Extracting.....25c  
Office entrance, Patton's Hall, on Broadway between Taulbee's store and Reliance Drug Co.

Call on S. E. Patton for your roofing, all kinds and grades. Sash doors and window glass. All orders filled with dispatch and satisfaction guaranteed. The best roofing on earth. Now on hand. Mail orders prompt attention.

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The Louisville Times

(Regular price \$5.00 a year)

AND THE

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BOTH ONE YEAR FOR

\$3.25

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Anywhere.

Has the best corps of correspondents. Covers the Kentucky field perfectly. Covers the general news field completely. Has the best and fullest market reports. Democratic in politics; but fair to everybody.

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Practice in all the courts of the Commonwealth. Litigation concerning land titles a specialty. Collections promptly made and promptly remitted. Real estate bought and sold.









# A GENTLEMAN FROM MISSISSIPPI

BY THOMAS A. WISE

Novelized from the play by Frederick R. Toombs

COPYRIGHT 1906 BY THOMAS A. WISE



"Big Bill" Langdon, "A Gentleman from Mississippi"

## CHAPTER II

THE WARS OF PEACE

"BIG BILL" LANGDON was the term by which the new senator from Mississippi had been affectionately known to his friends for years. He carried his 230 pounds with ease, bespeaking great muscular power in spite of his gray hairs. His rugged courage, unswerving honesty and ready belief in his friends won him a loyal following, some of whom frequently repeated what was known as "Bill Langdon's Golden Rule."

There never was a man yet who didn't have some good in him, but most folks didn't know this because their own virtues pop up and blind 'em when they look at somebody else."

At the removal of his old war comrades Langdon was always depended on to describe, once again, how the Third Mississippi charged at the fordville and defeated the Eighth Illinois. But the stirring events of the past had served to increase the planter's fondness for his home life and his children, whose mother had died years before. At times he regretted that his unexpected political duties would take him away from the old plantation even though the enthusiastic approval of Carolina and Hope Georgia proved considerable compensation.

Although not sworn in as senator, Colonel Langdon's political duties were already pressing. A few days after Congressman Norton's visit he sat in his library conferring with several prominent citizens of his county regarding a plan to ask congress to appropriate money to dredge a portion of the channel of the Pearl river, which would greatly aid a large section of the state.

During the deliberations the name of Martin Sanders was announced by Jackson, the colonel's gravely decorated negro bodyguard, who boasted that he "wuz brung up by Cuneil Marse Langdon, sub, a fightin' Mississippi cunel, sub, sence long befo' de wah and way befo' dat, sub."

"Show Mr. Sanders right in," commanded Colonel Langdon.

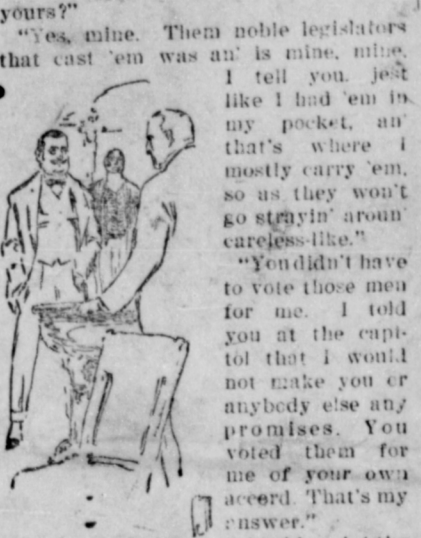
"Good day, senator," spoke Sanders, the boss of seven counties as he entered. Glancing around the room, he continued, bending toward the colonel and mulling his now whispering voice with his hand: "I want to speak to you alone, I'm here on politics."

"That's all right, but these gentlemen here are my friends and constituents," was the reply in no uncertain voice. "When I talk politics they have a perfect right to hear what I, as their senator, say. Out with it, Mr. Sanders."

As Sanders was introduced to the members of the conference he grew red in the face and stared at Langdon amazed. At last he had discovered something new in politics. "Say," he finally blurted, "when I talk business I—"

"Are you in politics as a business?" quickly spoke Colonel Langdon.

"Why—I—er—no, of course not," the visitor stammered. "I am in politics



"Then noble legislators"

"Then noble legislators," the gentlemen of the county present when Sanders entered and who had used to witness further the unpleasant episode rose to leave, in spite of the urgent request of Colonel Langdon that they remain. The only one reluctant to go was Deacon Amos Smallwood, who, coming to the plantation to seek employment for his son, had not been denied of his desire to join the assemblage of his neighbors.

Last to move toward the door, he stopped in front of Sanders, stretched his five feet three inches of stature on tiptoe and shook a withered fist in the boss' firmly set, determined face.

"Infamous!" shrieked the deacon. "You're a monster! You're unrighteous! You should have belonged to the political machine of Cataline or Pontius Pilate!"

"Never heard tell of 'em," muttered Sanders, deeply puzzled. "Guess they was never in Mississippi in my time."

His accompanying gesture of perplexity caused the deacon to hasten his exit. Tripping over the leg of a chair, he fell headlong into the arms of the watchful Jackson, who received the deacon's blessing for "uplifting the righteous in the hour of their fall."

Relieved at the departure of the witnesses, Sanders showed increased aggressiveness. "To be sure, senator, you were careful not to personally promise me anything for my support at the election, as you say," the leader sneered, "but you had Jim Stevens to make promises for you, which was smooth, absolute art, artistic smooth!"

"Stop, sir!" Langdon furiously shouted. "You forget, sir, that your insinuation is an insult to a man elected senator from Mississippi, an insult to me, and to my friend Senator Stevens, who I know would make you no promises for me, for he had not my authority."

"Certainly you're a senator, but what's a senator anyhow? I'll tell you, Mr. Colonel Langdon, a senator is a man who holds out for his own pocket as much as us fellows that make him will stand for. When we don't get our rightful share, he's through."

With a sudden start, as though to spring at Sanders' throat, Langdon, with compressed lips and eyes blazing, grasped the edge of the table with a grip that threatened to rend the polished boards. With intensest effort he slowly regained control of himself. His fury had actually weakened him. His knees shook, and he sank weakly into a chair. When he finally spoke his voice was strained and laborious. "Sanders, you and I, sir, must never meet again because I might not succeed again in keeping my hands off you. What would my old comrades of the Third Mississippi say if they saw me sitting here and you there with a whole body, sir, after what you have said? They would not believe their eyes, thank God, sir. They would all go over to Stuart City and buy new eyeglasses, sir. A suspicious moisture appeared on the colonel's cheeks which he could not dry too quickly to escape Sanders' observation.

"But I had to let you stay, sir, because you, the sole accuser, are the only one who can tell me what I must know."

"What do you want to know?" asked Sanders, who had realized his great mistake in losing his temper, in talking as openly and as violently as he had and in dragging the name of Senator Stevens into the controversy. He must try to keep Stevens from hearing of this day's blunder, for Jim Stevens knew as well as he, didn't he, that the man who loses his temper, like the man who talks too much, is of no use in politics.

"I want to know how you formed your opinion of political matters—of senators. Is it possible, sir, that you have actual knowledge of actual happenings that give you the right to talk as you have? I want to know if I must feel shame, feel disgrace, sir, to be a sound from Mississippi, that state, sir, that the Almighty himself, sir, would choose to live in if he came to earth."

"There, there, senator, don't take too seriously what I have said," Sanders replied in reassuring tone, having outlined his course of action. "I lost my head because you wouldn't promise me something I needed—that appointment for Hagley. What I said about senators and such was all wild words—politics in 'em. Why, how could there be a senator? This query was a happy afterthought which Sanders craftily suggested in a designedly artless manner."

"Just what I thought and know!" exclaimed Langdon sharply. "It couldn't be; it isn't possible. Now you go, sir, and let it be your greatest disgrace that you are not fit to enter any gentleman's house."

"Oh, don't rub it in too hard, senator. You may need my help some day, but you'll have to deliver the goods before-hand."

"I said, 'Go!'"

"I'm goin', but here's a tip. Don't blame me for fightin' you. I've got to fight to live. I'm a human bein', an' humans are pretty much the same all over the world, all except you—you're only half natural. The rest of you is reform."

After Sanders' departure the colonel sat at his table, his head resting in his hand, the events of the day crowding his brain bewilderingly.

"The battles of peace are worse than any battlefield ever led me into," he murmured. "Fighting to conquer one self is harder than turning the left flank of the Eighth Illinois in an emulating fire."

But the new senator from Mississippi did not know that for him the wars of peace had only just begun, that perhaps his own flesh and blood and that of the wife and mother who had gone before would turn traitor to his colors in the very thickest of the fray.

## CHAPTER III

HOW TO PLEASE A SENATOR

THE International hotel in Washington was all auster and bustle. Was it not preparing for its first senator since 1885? No less a personage than the Hon. William H. Langdon of Mississippi, said to be a warm personal friend of Senator Stevens, one of the leading members of his party at the capital, had engaged a suite of rooms for himself and two daughters.

"Ain't it the limit?" remarked the chief clerk to Bud Haines, correspondent of the New York Star. "The senator wrote us that he was coming here because his old friend, the late Senator Moseley, said back in '75 that this was the best hotel in Washington and where all the prominent men ought to stay."

Haines, the ablest political reporter in Washington, had come to the International to interview the new senator, to describe for his paper what kind of a citizen Langdon was. He glanced around at the dingy woodwork, the worn cushions, the nicked and uneven tiles of the hotel lobby, and smiled at the clerk. "Well, if this is the new senator's idea of princely luxury he will fit right into the senatorial atmosphere." Both laughed derisively. "By the way," added Haines, "I suppose you'll raise your rates now that you've got a senator here."

The clerk brought his fist down on the register with a thud. "We could have them every day if we wanted them. This fellow, though, we'll have all winter, I guess. His son's here now. Been breaking all records for drinking. Congressman Norton of Mississippi has been down here a few times. There young Langdon is now."

Haines turned quickly, just in time to bump into a tall, slender young man, who was walking unevenly in the direction of the cafe.

"Well, can't you see what you're doing?" muttered the tall young man thickly.

Haines smiled. The chap who has played halfback four years on his college eleven and held the boxing championship in his class is apt to be good natured. He does not seem to take offense easily. Besides, Randolph Langdon was plainly under the influence of whiskey. So Haines smiled pleasantly at the taller young man.

"Beg your pardon—my fault," Haines said.

"Well, don't let it occur again," murmured Langdon as he stroiled with uneven dignity toward the door. Bud Haines laughed.

"I guess young Langdon is going to be one of the boys, isn't he?"

"He's already one of them when it comes to a question of fluid capacity," laughed some one behind him, and Bud whirled to meet the gaze of his friend, Dick Cullen, representative of one of the big Chicago dailies.

"You down here to see Langdon, too?" commented Bud.

Cullen nodded. "Queer roost where this senator is to hang out, isn't it?"

"It can't be a rich one, then," suggested Haines.

"Perhaps he's an honest one."

"Sure, it's a great game, as a game," agreed Haines. "So is bridge, and stud poker, and three card monte, and diamond generally. Take this new man, Langdon, for instance. Chosen by Stevens he'll probably be perfectly obedient, perfectly easy-going, perfectly blind and perfectly useless. What's wanted now is to get the work done not play the game."

Thoroughly a cynic through his years of experience as a newspaper man, which had shown the inside workings of many important phases of the seemingly conventional life of this complex world, Cullen pretenses unbounded enthusiasm.

"Hear! Hear!" he shouted. "All you earnest citizens come vote for me! I'm for you, Bud! What do I get in your cabinet? I've joined the reformers, too, and like a lot of them, me for I-U-R-I-T-Y as long as she gives me a meal ticket."

But not even Cullen could make Haines consider his views on the necessity of political regeneration to be ridiculous. His optimism could not be snuffed out, for he was a genuine believer that the natural tendency of humankind was to do right. Wrong, he believed to be the outcome of an unnatural cause. This quality, combined with his practical knowledge of the world and his courage, made him a formidable man, one who would one day accomplish big things—if he got the chance.

"You know you can't shut me up, Dick," was his response to Cullen's oratorical flight. "I'm going to have my say. I don't see why a senator shouldn't be honest. All I want them to do is to play a new game. Let 'em at least seem to be honest, attend to their business, forget politics. The country needs them here to work and if they do the work the people really don't care a hang what party they belong to."

"Come out of it, Bud. Your brain is wobbly," yawned Cullen wearily. "I'll buy a drink if you'll quiet down. Let's be comfortable till this fellow Langdon appears." He caught his friend by the arm and in spite of protest dragged him off to the cafe just as young Langdon and Congressman Norton came down through the lobby.

Though but few years older than Randolph Langdon, Charles Norton had long exercised strong influence over him because of his wider experience in the world's affairs. Like his father, young Langdon had stayed close to the plantation most of his life, particularly after leaving school, devoting his attention to studying the business of conducting the family's big estate. Norton brought him the atmosphere of the big outside world he yearned to see even as did his sister Carolina, and he imitated Norton's manners, his dress and mode of speech. The congressman's habit of confiding in Randolph, a subtle compliment, was deeply appreciated by the lad, who unconsciously became a virtual adviser of Norton's many ventures to Carolina and to his father all of which the congressman knew.

That Norton's political career was the outcome of Carolina Langdon's ambition to shine in gay society was known to his friends as well as his family, and his desire to win her and please her which she could satisfy by every whim had developed almost to a frenzy. Seeing evidences of Senator Stevens' vast influence, he did not hesitate to seek advice relationship with him, and the senator was clever enough to lead Norton to consider him a friend.

At the start of his political career Norton had higher ideas of honor than guided his actions now that he had become a part of the political machine that controlled his native state of Mississippi and of the bipartisan combination that dominated both houses of congress in the interest of the great railway and industrial corporations. Senator Stevens and other powers had bolstered Norton's view of the difference between public and private interests and their respective rights that he had come to believe capital to be the sacred heritage of the nation which must be protected at any cost. The acceptance of a retainer from the C. S. and P. Railroad company for whom unnecessary services in Washington—only another way of buying a man's transaction arranged by Senator Stevens, was but another stage in the disintegration of the young congressman's character, but it brought him at that much closer to the point when he could claim Carolina Langdon's own. And opportunity does not knock twice at a man's door—unless it is at the head of the machine.

Norton, the persevering young law

student who loved the girl who had been his boyhood playmate, was now Norton who coveted her father's lands, who boasted that he was on the "inside" in Washington, who was on the way to fortune—if the new senator from Mississippi would or could be forced to stand in favor of the Altacoola canal base.

His conversation with Randolph Langdon as Haines and Cullen saw them pass through the hotel lobby illustrated the nature of the Norton of the present and his interest in the Altacoola scheme.

"There's no reason why you shouldn't come in on the ground floor in this proposition, Randolph," he was urging in continuance of the conversation begun over a table in the cafe. "No reason why you shouldn't do it, my boy. Why, are you still a child, or are you really a man? You have now drafts for \$50,000, haven't you?"

"Yeah," agreed Langdon, charmed at Norton's insinuation of youthfulness and anxious to prove that he was really a man of affairs. "I've got the fifty thousand, Charlie, but—but, you see, that's the money for improvements on the plantation. As father has put me in as manager I want to make a showing."

"You can't make it until spring," urged Norton. "The money's got to be in the bank all winter. Now, why don't you make a hundred thousand with it instead of letting it lie idle? Isn't that simple?"

The younger man's eyes opened wide, and his imagination, stimulated by the special brand of Bourbon whiskey Norton had ordered for him, took rapid bounds.

"One hundred thousand! You mean I could make a hundred thousand with my fifty between now and spring?"

"Sure as a nigger likes gin," replied Norton confidently.

"How?" asked Langdon.

The young congressman leaned over confidentially. "This is under your hat, Randolph. You can keep quiet?"

Langdon nodded eagerly. "Then put it into Altacoola land."

"The naval base?" gasped Langdon.

Norton nodded. "Now you've hit it. The government will select Altacoola for a naval base. Then land will jump way up to never and you'll clean up a hundred thousand at the least. Isn't it simple? There are a thousand people with money who would just love to have this chance. And I'm giving it to you because of our friendship. I want to do you a good turn. I've got my money in there."

Young Langdon was visibly impressed.

"You've always treated me right, Charlie; you've been for me, I know. But suppose the government doesn't select Altacoola. Gulf City's in the running."

Norton laughed sarcastically. "Gulf City is a big bunch of mud flats. Besides, I'll tell you something else. Just between us, remember," he waited for the boy's eager nod before he went on. "The big men are behind Altacoola. Standard Steel wants Altacoola, and what Standard Steel wants from congress you can bet your bottom dollar Standard Steel gets. They know their business at No. 10 Broadway. Now, then, are you satisfied?"

Langdon was more than satisfied. Already he felt himself rich, and honestly rich, too, for Norton had convinced him that there was no reason why he should not use the \$50,000 of his father's, when it had to lie in the bank anyhow all winter, and he would have it back in time to use on the plantation in the spring when it was needed. How proud of him his father would be when he showed him a clear profit of \$100,000!

"I'll go get the drafts at once, Charlie, and I'm mighty much obliged to you," he said, with gratitude in his voice.

Norton's smile was one of deep satisfaction. "That's all right, Randolph. You know I want to do anything I can for you."

to bed, a kindly service, in view of Randolph's mental state.

From across the lobby Charles Norton had watched Randolph's discomfited encounter with Haines with amusement.

"Now that I've got the young fellow to sew up his old man's money in Altacoola land," he chuckled, "reckon Senator William H. Langdon won't see anything wrong with what same noble tract of universe when he comes to vote for the naval base. Senator Stevens will be pleased."

[Continued next week]

'Twas a Glorious Victory

There was rejoicing in Federal, Tenn. A man's life has been saved and now Dr. King's New Discovery is the talk of the town for curing C. V. Pepper of deadly lung hemorrhages. "I could not work nor get about," he writes, "and the doctors did me no good, but after using Dr. King's New Discovery three weeks I feel like a new man, and can do good work again." For weak, sore or diseased lungs, coughs, colds, hemorrhages, hay fever, a gripe, asthma or any bronchial affection it stands unrivaled. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Sold and guaranteed by Jackson Drug Co.

To Keep Dishes Warm. To keep dishes warm until time to serve, place them in a saucepan of hot water.—What-to-Eat.

Washington's Plague Spots

lie in the low, marshy bottoms of the Potomac, the breeding ground of malaria germs. These germs cause chills, fever and ague, biliousness, jaundice, lassitude, weakness and general debility and bring suffering or death to thousands yearly. But Electric Bitters never fail to destroy them and cure malaria troubles. "They are the best all-round tonic and cure for malaria I ever used," writes R. M. James, of Louellen, S. C. They cure stomach, liver, kidney and blood troubles and prevent typhoid. Try them, 50c. Guaranteed by Jackson Drug Co.

Make Cider in Kitchen. Take as many apples as are needed for sufficient juice, wash and core dry; cut into quarters, to see if they are good; grind them in a meat chopper, using the finest cutter, and then put the pulp in a fine muslin bag and press through a fruit presser, and you will have the purest sweet cider you ever drank.

The Crime of Idleness. Idleness means trouble for any one. It's the same with a lazy liver. It causes constipation, headache, jaundice, sallow complexion, pimples and blotches, loss of appetite, nausea, but Dr. King's New Life Pills soon banish liver troubles and build up your health. 25c at Jackson Drug Co.

Dutch Scrapple. After rendering leaf lard put one cup of fat scraps in a quart of boiling water. When boiling hard add a little nutmeg and buckwheat flour enough to form a stiff batter. Pour into mold, set away to harden. When cold, slice and fry in buttered pan. Served with slurp this makes a nice winter morning breakfast.

A great many people have kidney and bladder trouble, mainly due to neglect of the occasional pains in the back, slight rheumatic pains, urinary disorders, etc. Delay in such cases are dangerous. Take DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They are for weak back, backache, rheumatic pains and all kidney and bladder trouble. Soothing and antiseptic, and act promptly. Don't fail to get DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Acept no substitute. Regular size 50c. Sold by Jackson Drug Store.

Five o'Clock Tea. Four teaspoons of tea, four cups of boiling water, candied cherries, slice of lemon. Put a candied orange cherry and slice of lemon in each cup before pouring.

Always have Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup handy, especially for the children. It tastes nearly as good as maple sugar. It cures the cold by gently moving the bowels through its laxative principle, and at the same time it is soothing for throat irritation, thereby stopping the cough. There is nothing as good. Sold by Jackson Drug Store.

## L. & E. RAILWAY

WEST BOUND  
No. 1 No. 2  
Daily Daily  
Ex. Sun

	A. M.	P. M.
Lv Jackson	6 10	2 30
O & K Jct	6 15	2 35
Elkatawa	6 20	2 40
Oakdale	6 33	2 53
Athol	6 40	3 00
Tallega	6 49	3 09
St. Helens	6 59	3 19
B'ville Jct	7 07	3 27
Fincastle	7 15	3 35
Torment	7 30	3 41
Glencairn	7 40	3 50
Nat'l B'ge	7 45	3 55
Campton Jct	7 48	3 57
Dundee	7 52	4 01
Filson	8 03	4 13
Roslyn	8 09	4 20
Stanton	8 16	4 26
Chay City	8 25	4 35
Ind'n Flds	8 43	4 53
L & E Jct	9 00	5 10
Winchester	9 12	5 22
Wyandotte	9 25	5 35
Aven	9 32	5 40
Moutrose	9 40	5 50
Ar Lexington	9 55	6 05

EAST BOUND  
No. 2 No. 4  
Daily Daily  
A. M. P. M.

	A. M.	P. M.
Lv Lexington	2 25	7 35
Moutrose	2 38	7 48
Aven	2 48	7 58
Wyandotte	2 53	8 04
Winchester	3 05	8 16
L & E Jct	3 20	8 32
Indian Fields	3 34	8 46
Jay City	3 50	9 02
Stanton	3 58	9 10
Roslyn	4 05	9 15
Filson	4 14	9 24
Dundee	4 25	9 34
Campton Jct	4 30	9 38
Natural Bridge	4 35	9 43
Glencairn	4 38	9 46
Torment	4 47	9 56
Fincastle	5 00	10 08
Beattyville Jct	5 10	10 17
St. Helens	5 17	10 26
Tallega	5 28	10 37
Athol	5 37	10 45
Oakdale	5 45	10 53
Elkatawa	6 00	11 10
O & K Jct	6 05	11 15
Ar Jackson	6 10	11 20

CONNECTIONS.  
L & E JUNCTION—Trains Nos. 1 and 3 will make connections with C & O Ry for Mt Sterling.

CAMPTON JUNCTION—Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 will connect with the Mountain Central Railway for passengers to and from Campton.

BEATTYVILLE JUNCTION—No. 2 will connect with the L. & A. at Beattyville Junction for Beattyville.

O & K JUNCTION—Trains Nos. 3 and 4 with the Ohio & Kentucky for Canell City and way stations.  
CHAS. SCOTT, G. P. A.

O. & K. RAILWAY  
EFFECTIVE NOV. 19, 1906.

WEST BOUND  
Daily Ex Sun  
1st Class 2d Class

	A. M.	P. M.
Lv Jackson	11 05	3 00
O & K Junction	11 15	3 10
Frozen	11 31	3 33
Vanelev	11 38	3 42
Wilhurst	11 44	3 52
Hampton	11 51	4 05
Rose Fork	12 05	4 30
Lee City	12 13	4 45
Helechawa	12 19	4 55
Ar Canell City	12 35	5 20

EAST BOUND  
Daily Ex Sun  
2d Class 1st Class

	A. M.	P. M.
Lv Canell City	7 10	1 00
Helechawa	7 33	1 17
Lee City	7 45	1 23
Rose Fork	8 00	1 32
Hampton	8 24	1 44
Wilhurst	8 37	1 51
Vanelev	8 47	1 57
Frozen	8 56	2 05
O & K Junction	9 25	2 25
Ar Jackson	9 30	2 30

Sunday passenger train leaves Canell City at 1 00 p. m., returning leaves Jackson at 4 00 p. m.  
M. L. CONLEY Gen. Mgr.

Mountain Central.

Depart 5 45 a m Campton 14 30 a m  
1 45 p m Campton 6 00 p m

Arrive 8 00 a m Campton Jun 10 05 a m  
4 00 p m Campton Jun 4 40 p m

Make connection with all L & E passenger trains.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery

FOR COUGHS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.

GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

THE NEW IDEA

KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE

Moves the Bowels

THE ORIGINAL LAXATIVE

KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE

Best for Children

COUGH SYRUP

HONEY AND TAR

Red Clover Blossom on Every Bottle



Carolina Langdon had an austere love

for my party's sake, just like everybody else," and Sanders grinned suggestively at his questioner.

"Have you anything further to say?" asked Langdon in a tone hinting that he would like to be rid of his caller.

"Well, since you are so very new in this game, senator, I'll talk right out in meedn', as they call it. I came to ask about an appointment to tip you off on a couple of propositions. I want Jim Hagley taken care of—"

"You're the organization, aren't you?" queried Langdon.

"Why, yes. Are you just gettin' wise?" cried Sanders. "Haven't I got fellows, voters, voters, VOTERS, d— it, hangin' on to that needs to be taken care of? An' so I make